The Opium Cache on Maui.

Smuggler Whaley and Yacht Halcyon

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CHAPTER V.

Tells How Whaley and MacLean Intervened, but Rode Empty-Handed to Lahaina.

SYNOPSIS.—Roderick Dallinger goes into the opium trade with his young Chinese friend, Anan, for whom Whaley is landing opium. The Halcyon arrives unexpectedly with a cargo, a part of which Whaley endeavors, by a double play, to put in cache near Honokahau, Maui. They follow the Halcyon and camp in a lava tunnel near the grass house occupied by Mrs. True, a half-white, and her pretty daughter Maile. Here they watch the Halcyon land five thousand pounds of opium in the lava caves, but are unable to locate the entrance. In the meantime young Dallinger becomes acquainted at the grass house. Upon his return they examine the face of the lava shelf, and by aid of a rope discover an underground cove, which can be reached only from the sea. They then search inland for an old entrance, formerly used by Mrs. True's husband for smuggling purposes, which they accidentally find near their camp. They begin the search with an electric torch, and soon reach the sea. They afterwards discover two and a half tons of opium in the upper tunnel, which they remove to their camp. The next day Whaley and MacLean appear on the scene and discover their loss; Dallinger forms a plan, and sends Anan into the tunnel for his gun, and they await the smugglers.

"Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!"—Shakespeare.

I took the gun and set it out of sight against a tree, but within easy reach. Where I sat I could see the entrance in the ledge, whence they must emerge, yet without danger of being seen by them. I hastily gave Anan instructions, which, I believed, with his wit and tact, would carry us safely through this unlucky accident. I did not fear Whaley; it was MacLean, I believed, would give us a turn,—it was his plan and theft we had thwarted: I remembered with pleasure that Whaley had opposed his dishonesty from the start.

Anan at once gathered whatever dirty linen there was and seated himself at the edge of the little brook, just below; there he was soon running a miniature laundry, with two blocks of lava and a half-bar of yellow soap. Before he went I had retouched his disguise at my easel, by adding twenty years to his face. The antithesis made me smile as he sat with hat pulled well over his eyes, washing my underclothing with lazy, oriental indifference, and singing a Chinese ditty, intermittently, in variable falsetto; but the stake was high, and Anan knew it. As for me, I felt no quaver, although I expected a row: it is strange how a circumstance will brace a man to action, and prick his courage into trim!

Before I knew it, MacLean had emerged and was crossing the open towards Anan, who did not see him, or, if he did, gave no sign. MacLean stopped ten metres away and stood a spell looking at him. Suddenly I saw his eyes flash and an evil look come into his face; he had made up his mind, and walked rapidly to the brook, which he overleaped. Then Anan looked up; but he immediately continued work, breaking the silence abruptly, with a bar or two of earsplitting falsetto.

"Get up! you d——d Chinaman!" yelled MacLean in a tall rage. "Get up! d—— you! and show me where you've hid that stuff!—If you don't, and d——d quick, by G—d! I'll slit your yellow throat and hang you on that cocoanut tree by the queue, as a warning to pipe-hitting thieves!"

MacLean was flourishing a bright, sharp dirk in dangerous proximity to Anan, who slowly retreated upon me; he was evidently well frightened, and I knew it was time to interfere, before MacLean's rage carried him away. In an instant I covered him with my gun, where I sat at my easel, and called sternly:

"Stop that!—What the devil d'you mean, my little fellow! by offering to carve my Chinese servant before my face? Turn this way, and up with both hands!—This gun's loaded for ducks—or fools!" I concluded with a sneer.

He turned with a start, and, as he looked into the barrels of my Parker, he raised his hands, holding the dirk in his right; his face remained as expressionless as a Greek mask—such a master in roguery was he! The only change I noticed was that his face went from pale to red, then pale again. After looking me over coolly, he said in a voice calm enough, but not devoid of a vicious lurch:

"To h—l with you both!" Then he looked at the knife in his hand, and again at me.

"Ah Ping!" I called to Anan, "take that knife and bring it to me!"

Anan looked at me quickly, and I saw his eyes flash; then he went slowly towards MacLean, but stopped a foot short and said, in broken English: "Me flaid! He too much damfool!—You speak him dlop knife; me pick him up!"

"Drop that dirk!" I called over my gun.

An ugly look came into MacLean's eyes, as he turned his glance for a moment on Anan—then back to me,—he looked me steadily in the eyes for thirty seconds, but hesitated no longer: the knife rang sharply, as it struck the hard lava, and MacLean took a step forward, but I cried:

"Stop there!—This is a choke-bore, and I would make an ugly corpse of your prettiness, were I too shoot you at closer range."

"Damn you!" he said in a low tone, thrusting a vicious glance at me.

Anan picked up the dirk, but, as he raised his head, he cried: "Look out! One man come!"

"Come here, Ah Ping!" I called to him; when he reached my side I continued in a whisper, without taking my eyes from MacLean: "Go as quickly as possible to the house and tell Maile to send me the Mauser rifle,—but tell her I want it only for protection, and that there's no danger—or you won't get it!"

In an instant he was gone, but before he reached the grass house, Whaley came suddenly upon the scene just behind MacLean. I could see them both, as he stopped, but little out of range of my gun. He was dressed in a corduroy riding suit and wore a tan belt over his black-silk sash; from this hung a Smith & Wesson revolver—his coat lay across his arm. He was the same fine-looking, well-bred Whaley, I had met at the Hawaiian Hotel; but his smile gave way to surprise, as he fell across our open enmity, and he cried:

"What's this?—What the devil's this, Mac?—Why, Dallinger!" he exclaimed, as he recognized me. "What the h—l's up?—What d'you mean by this unfriendliness to friends?"

"I'm very pleased to see you, Mr. Whaley," I cried heartily, "but that rogue's no friend of mine; and, had I given him that he deserves, he would now be chock full of duckshot at short range, for attempting, gratuitously, to cut the throat of my servant."

In a flash Whaley understood, and, slipping between us deftly, so that my gun covered him, instead of MacLean, he said with a pleasant smile:

"Why, gentlemen, there's some mistake here! Mac, this is my friend, Mr. Dallinger; he's one of Anan's friends—he's all right!—And this," he continued, turning to me, "is Mr. MacLean, who is more than friend — my partner!"

I bowed stiffly, but MacLean took no heed; turning abruptly upon Whaley, he sneered:

"Your friend, eh?—Well, Bill Whaley if I'm more than your friend, as you say, give me that gun for two minutes, until I force these d——d thieves to return that opium!"—and he made a grab at Whaley's belt.

Whaley picked him up bodily and pitched him back, where he lay half-stunned upon the hard lava. When he had recovered sufficiently to get his feet, Whaley said, with polished irony:

"Why, you fool! you must be drunk; there's no question of opium! Are you aware you are with gentlemen, who have not grown into smuggling?—Or perhaps," he sneered, "you're in the business, and are laying plans to rest in a Maui jail for a few months, until you can arrange for a longer vacation of five or ten years with Captain Trip, on Oahu Island.—I'm thinking, Mac," he concluded in kindlier voice, "I'm thinking you'd better get on your horse and ride into Lahaina, keeping your mouth shut, in future!"

MacLean eyed us askance for some time, finally saying: "Bill Whaley, it's circumstances—not you—that's beat me for the present; but, mark my words: I'll put the Lahaina police to watch these d—d thieves; they shall not handle a dollar from the stuff, after stealing it—no; by G—d! not a dollar!" Then turning and nodding grimly at me he concluded: "By, bye! and tell that Chinese spy of yours, I intend to cut his throat and hang his head up to dry, before I leave the Islands!"

"Go, now, Mac!" cried Whaley, pointing at the horses—"go! or—by the Lord! I'll make you!" As he said this, his countenance changed quickly, and I could see danger mounting through his face and shining in his eyes. MacLean saw it as well; and he turned and went without reply, except a short, nervous laugh, that seemed a threat in itself, hurled at parting.

MacLean was hardly gone before Anan returned, bearing the Mauser gingerly upon his arm; he walked straight to me and said: "Miss Maile she say here gun, and take heap care of him"—Then he fumbled in his blouse and gave me a handful of long, slender brass cartridges, each carrying four grams of smokeless powder. The missiles, when shot, would penetrate half a dozen men at a distance of seventeen-hundred-forty metres, or about one mile; they would kill a man at nearly double that distance.

Whaley bent his dark eyes keenly on Anan—as he had upon me that night at the Hawaiian Hotel—but said, smiling, as one who wins: "Ah! Dallinger, that's a plucky servant of yours; by the bye, how's Anan? I expected to see him here, after finding you."

I looked him in the eyes and gave him an Irish answer, saying: "How the devil did you come here, Whaley?"—But, as I looked him over, I noticed the remnant of the slender black chain, which had held the diamond, securing his black sash, dangling on his shirt front; so I concluded: "I see you have lost a jewel!"—and I pointed to his disarranged sash.

"So I have, Dallinger," he said without surprise, "and I'm well out of a bad job at so slight a loss. Now, let's take a stroll—your servant will take care of your traps—I have something to say to you."

We returned in half an hour and, as we stopped out of earshot of the camp, Whaley laid his hand on my arm and said:

"Now, Dallinger, it is understood: You will explain my position to Anan; I don't wish to break with the company—it wouldn't pay me. MacLean is a hot-head, who promised to keep out and manage the factory at the British Columbia end; but he has jumped in and almost ruined things, at the wrong time. There are thousands of dollars in the opium trade, just as long as the present kanaka government lasts,—it may be annexation in a few years, and then we're up; we can't fight the United States authorities and make it pay. Now, although you will not admit it, I know you and Anan have that opium,—you're welcome to it. As you know, I was an unwilling convert to Mac's plan; and I will stand by you and the Chinese company—I ask no questions, but I will give you this advice: Look out for MacLean; he will do you up, if he can! I shall do my best to hold him back; but look out for him, as he will be in charge of the Halcyon and will dog you, when you move the stuff. I will leave for Hongkong, as soon as I can get my portion of the money, or its equivalent. I want no trouble, and I hope to see you in Honolulu before I leave. Now, Dallinger, do we understand each other?"

I answered him in a way that would have won a nod of approval from grim Prince Metternich; then he rode after MacLean. Before he passed the turn in the road, he waved his hand; as he did so, his profile showed against the blue, like that of a courtier, out of some old story book.

CHAPTER VI.

Tells How the Maui Police Were Fooled, and How We Re-Shipped the Opium Before the Halcyon Returned.

'Twas such fair truth,
That they described not were her wit deceived."—Hazlitt.

It was 3 o'clock before Anan was ready to start for Lahaina; we had just finished luncheon and it was agreed that the news of our encounter with Whaley and MacLean should not be told until after his departure. During the meal, Mrs. True and Maile were in the best of spirits, although I could see, from the way Maile watched me, the borrowing of the Mauser had disturbed her; but she said nothing at that time. Later, when Anan had shaken hands with us and had gone into the garden with Mrs. True, to get a root of a rare fern he desired, Maile turned to me and asked: "Did you bring the rifle, Roderick?"

"No, dear; I did not," I said, laughing; "but, why do you ask?"

"Do you know, Roderick, I would rather you lost all than have anything happen! Do you not understand?" she exclaimed, with eager voice.

"Come, Maile!" cried her mother from the steps, "get me a piece of paper and a bit of moss to wrap Anan's fern."

We watched him ride away until he vanished in the eye of the setting sun, like some quaint figure fading out of a garish oriental fan upon the horizon; after he had gone we stood chatting some time before we turned to seats on the veranda. I lingered an hour; then to the tunnel and to bed, with the Mauser at my side.

(To be Continued.)

TRANSVAAL POSTAGE STAMPS.

The Transvaal Government has issued a set of postage stamps, which are in great demand by collectors. There are ten varieties, each of a different color, ranging in price from 1 cent to $2.50. All of the stamps bear the head of King Edward, facing to the left, in an ovel within a finely beaded frame, in gray-black. Above the head is a crown, and at the foot the word "Transvaal." The 1-cent stamps are a bluish green, and the colors of the others range from scarlet to orange, olive green and purple. The British colonial office, meantime, is considering a new coat-of-arms design by Lockwood Kipling, father of the poet and novelist, for the new Orange River colony, which was formerly the Orange Free State. The coat-of-arms consists of a plain heraldic shield bearing an orange tree, and above it a tudor rose; on the ground are waved lines, the symbol of water, typifying the name Bloemfontein. Two springboks support the shield.

SPEAKING ITALICS.

A piece of parliamentary repartee quite as good as the famous retorts in the House of Commons and our Congress comse from a New England University. Two students, ranged against each other in debate, grew very warm and took to commenting on each other's oratorical manner. One of them spoke with much emphasis, letting the stress of his voice fall explosively on certain passages.

His opponent opened his speech by saying: "My friend on the negative thinks to win this debate by speaking exclamation marks and italls."

The other could do nothing at the moment to turn the laugh which this speech raised, but when his turn came he "got back" at his opponent with this retort:

"My friend on the affirmative says I speak italics. I should say that he uses italics in the way they are used in the English Bible, not to emphasize, but to mark what is not original and inspired."—Youth's Companion.

A TIP.

A certain little Flemish watering place, which is much frequented by English and American visitors in the summer, possesses two attractions, in the shape of a Presbyterian place of worship and a roulette table. One of the "faithful" had quite recently a most ingenious idea. After the number of the hymn succeeding the sermon was given he stole away, and invested all he was worth on the number of the hymn. Needless to say, the number turned up, and the lucky coup became the talk of the village for the rest of the week. Next Sunday the church was crammed to the door. The pious pastor was rejoiced in heart. After a powerful address he gave out "Hymn No. 27." The moment the words left his lips, to his consternation, there was a rush to the door, and he was left with a faithful handful to upraise their agitated strain of praise. As for the rest, they made a bee-line from the house of prayer to the house of play. It is said that their little adventure cost them all very dear.

One of Milton's biographers says that nearly twenty years elapsed between the sketching out of the plan of "Paradise Lost" and the completion of that work. The actual labor of composition was condensed into two or three years.

Ferns from the woods are best for the garden.

Buckingham Palace, the Home of King Edward

Buckingham Palace is today one of London's most comfortable mansions. Extensive alterations were carried out at the beginning of the year, and the private apartments were completely modernized.

His Majesty's suite of rooms is situated in the right wing, looking on to the gardens, which, as every one knows, run up Constitution hill. The gardens are forty acres in extent; a particular feature of them is the lake, covering no less than five acres. There are boats on it, and at royal garden parties they are manned by royal watermen in their state liveries for the pleasure of any of the guests who may care for a row.

The gardens are beautifully laid out, and are well wooded. The prospect from the King's apartments does not in the slightest suggest that the palace lies in the very heart of the metropolis, girt by a belt of brick and mortar from half a dozen to a dozen miles in breadth.

It was only by chance that Buckingham Palace ever became a royal residence. It occupies the site of the mulberry gardens laid out by James I. in his unsuccessful attempt to start a silk industry in London. Subsequently these gardens became a public pleasure ground—"a silly place with a wilderness somewhat pretty," according to Pepys—where the fashionable thing to do was to go and eat mulberry tarts.

Originally Goring House.

The house was originally called Goring House; the name was next changed to Arlington House, and when, in 1703, John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, bought it, it became Buckingham House. The Duke of Buckingham demolished the old structure, and built in its place a mansion of red brick.

When George III. was looking out for a more commodious town house than St. James' Palace, Buckingham House happened to be in the market, and he bought it for only £21,000. With the exception of George IV., all the children of George III. were born under its roof.

In 1775 the property was settled by act of Parliament on Queen Charlotte in exchange for Somerset House, and then became known as Queen's House. The old name of Buckingham House was revived when, in 1825, the present building was begun by George IV., according to the designs of John Nash. William IV. never cared for it, and so did not live there. It was only in the last reign, when Queen Victoria took up her residence there, that the mansion at last came to be styled Buckingham Palace.

Here, in 1840, the princess royal—the Empress Frederick—was born to Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, and here also, in the following year, on November 9, was born the second child, King Edward VII.

The King's Apartments.

King Edward's private apartments comprise about six rooms. All have doors communicating from room to room, so that it would be possible, were all thrown open, to look through half a dozen rooms, for the doors are all in a straight line.

There is a long corridor running by the King's suite, and the walls are painted green, which has a delightfully fresh effect coupled with the snowy white mouldings and the bright mahogany doors.

A singular feature in all the rooms in the palace is the abundance of mirror doors. Every door inside the room is a huge mirror, decorated with gilt frames.

Nothing could be more charmingly cool than the royal apartments in this hot weather. They are all beautifully furnished, but not altogether newly furnished, for when the King moved from Marlborough House he caused many of his pet household gods to be brought over—his familiar writing table, his favorite chairs, and, of course, a perfect gallery of photographs of his family and numerous friends.

Queen Alexandra's apartments also face the gardens, but are in the opposite wing of the palace. They, too, have been entirely renovated this year, and are now most comfortable.

Buckingham Palace has been called the ugliest palace in Europe. Although its east facade, seen from the mall, has an imposing appearance, the site cannot be called a fine one. Looking down at the palace from the Piccadilly flank of the Green Park, it will be seen that it lies on very low ground, which at one time must have been marsh. Just beyond are streets which until a few years ago were some of the worst slums of Westminster.

HOW KING RIDES THROUGH LONDON

All England eagerly awaits the time when King Edward VII. will once more be able to appear abroad among his loving subjects. The continuous progress in His Majesty's condition justifies the hope that King Edward will soon be able to take his first carriage ride. The above snapshot made on the now historic occasion of the King's last ride in public shows how the King and Queen will drive through London's streets as soon as His Majesty is able to appear abroad.

Mrs. Syngros, a wealthy American, has furnished the money for constructing o fine boulevard to connect Athens with its seaport, Piraeus. The cost is nearly ..60,000. Heretofore there has been nothing but a wretched highway, making travel by any vehicle a matter of discomfort.

Buenos Ayres has issued its criminal statistics for 1901. They include 90 murders, 244 attempted murders, 2710 assaults and over 5000 thefts, burglaries and swindles.

American brewers have already invested $4,000,000 in and about Havana.

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

There was not a public library in the United States.

Almost all the furniture was imported from England.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

There was only one hat factory and that made cocked hats.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticized the sermon was fined.

Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

A day laborer conisdered himself well paid with two shillings a day.

The whipping post and pillory were still standing in New York and Boston.

Trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole with a bell attached to arouse the sleepy contributors.

The native clematis can scarcely be valued too highly. A fairly hardy perennial, and will thrive and bloom generously under much more trying conditions than those usually considered necessary for its success.

HOTELS FOR CASTAWAYS

In the Indian Ocean, nearly midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Tasmania, is Amsterdam Island an uninhabited and well-nigh inaccessible rock, sterile, wild and wind-swept.

Yet a ship's crew that has the misfortune to be cast away upon it need not perish, for here is situate one of the many depots for shipwrecked mariners, which our own and other governments have dotted about on the lone places of the earth.

This particular depot—or hotel—has been established in a large cavern on the side of a hill about 800 yards from the northeast extremity of the island, and contains 1,350 pounds of preserved beef, 1,125 pounds of biscuits, 10 woolen shirts, 10 pairs of cotton drawers, 10 blankets, and 1 soldered red box inside which are four packets of matches. There are also cots for sleeping on a cooking pot and a quantity of dry wood, while hard by cabbages and celery grow wild, and fish and lobsters abound near the only landing place.

The officers of the French man-of-war, Eure, who established this store, also planted two flagstaffs, and midway between them a cross, with a view to assisting possible castaways to locate it. Having landed, the shipwrecked mariners are instructed to climb to one or the other of these flagstaffs, from either of which the cross can be plainly discerned. One of the arms points directly to two ruined stone huts, a little way beyond which is the cavern, the entrance to which faces seaward.

Sixty miles north of Amsterdam Island is St. Paul's, another lonely islet of volcanic origin, and here also a similar work of mercy has recently been carried out by the same ship. The depot in this case, however, is in a hut of rough stones with a thatched roof, which has been specially erected on the northern side of the crater of the extinct volcano whose lava-incrusted sides occupy practically the entire land surface of the island. The provisions and clothes are similar in kind and quantity to those mentioned above; but, as an extra precaution, they have been packed within thirteen iron-hooped barrels coated with tar and sand and secured under a tarpaulin. On the door of the hut is an inscription in French: "Victuals and clothing for shipwrecked sailors."

France is not alone in this peculiarly praiseworthy work of mercy. Great Britain is constantly establishing similar depots on lonely, uninhabited islands, the majority of which have at some period or another done good service in saving life, but some of which remain undisturbed year after year.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

BIRDS MADE A SIEVE.

In the mountains of Tennessee a stranger came upon a man who was shovelling coal upon a wooden sieve. Upon inquiry how on earth he got such a curious thing, the old man replied:

"Stranger, I don't think you'll b'leeve me if I tell you."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the man. "I will believe you."

"Wa'll," said the mountainer, "it war' this way. About five year ago I lived down on the side of the mountain thar woodpeckers and other kind o' birds is powerful thick. That a' thing"—pointing to the sieve—"war my door to my cabin. It 'ud mock any bird that flies. I'ud jest sit thar' some summer evenin' and jest move it and every bird came that war imitated.

"Howsumever, one day I left my cabin to go huntin' and went preamblin' down the mountain. Wa'll, some wind come along and made that ar' door imitate a woodpecker. First one come and then a while pile o' the critters. They lit in on the door and when I come it war' jest like ye see it."

The man thanked him and moved on.

"I declar'," said the mountaineer, "I don't b'leeve he thought I war' tellin' tne truth." And he resumed shoveling coal.

UP TO DATE.

Mayor's Secretary William P. Ryan was commenting on the way in which many illiterate persons seem to get along in the world. "The late William J. Carroll used to tell a good story along this line," said Mr. Ryan. "He had business connected with the collection of rents which used to take him to a certain place on the eastern shore at intervals. On one occasion he went into a store there, the proprietor of which could neither read nor write. While he was there a man came in who was evidently a regular customer.

"'I owe you some money, don't I?" he said to the storekeeper.

"The latter went to the door and turned it around so that the back was visible.

"'That's so,' he replied; 'you owe me for a cheese.'

"'A cheese?' replied the customer; 'no, I don't.'

The storekeeper looked at the door again.

"'That's so,' he said, 'it's a grindstone. I didn't see the dot in the middle'."—Baltimore Sun.

MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Prof. H. W. Prentis, principal of the Hodgden school, tells a joke on himself with much enjoyment, relates the St. Louis Post dispatch. One day during an examination, when he was visiting the various rooms, he stopped to ask a very bright boy a sum in algebra and, although the problem was comparatively easy, he could not answer it. Prof. Prentis remarked, and with some show of severity:

"My boy, you ought to be able to do that. At your age George Washington was a surveyor."

The boy looked him straight in the eye and answered:

"Yes, sir; and at your age he was president of the United States."

The conversation dropped at that point.